

THE QUEEN'S TASTE

An Interesting Letter on How Royalty Entertains.

ENTERTAINMENT AT BUCKINGHAM

Louis XIV. Le Grand Monarque, was a Magnificent Entertainer—"Stand Back and Let the King Go By."

NEW YORK, June 4, 1891.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers." When we approach the subject of royal entertainments, we cannot but feel that the best of us are at a disadvantage. They have palaces and retainers furnished for them. They have a purse which knows no end. They are either by the divine right, or by lucky chance, the personages of the hour. It is only when one of them loses his head or is forced to abdicate or falls by the assassin's dagger that they approach at all our common humanity.

Doubtless to them, entertaining being a perfunctory affair, it becomes very tedious. Pomp is not an amusing circumstance—and they get so tired of it all that when duty kings and queens are usually the most plainly dressed and the most simple of mortals. The "age of strut" has passed away. No one dares much to assume the puffiness of Louis XIV. or George IV.

ROYAL ENTERTAINMENTS, however, have this advantage: They open to the observer the historical palace, and the pictures, gems of art, and interesting collections of which palaces are the great conservatories.

It seems that Louis XIV., called Le Grand Monarque, Louis, the magnificent, was a master of the art of entertaining. Under him the science of giving banquets received in common with the other sciences great progressive impulse. There still remains some memory of these festivals, which all Europe went to see, and these tournaments, where for the last time shone the lances and the knightly suits of armor.

The festival always ended with a sumptuous banquet, where were displayed huge centre-pieces of gold and silver, painting and sculpture and enamel, all being tributary to the hero of the occasion.

This fashion made the fame of Benvenuto Cellini, in Italy, in the previous century. To-day MONARCHS CONTENT THEMSELVES with having these center-pieces of cake, sugar or ices. There will be no record of their great feasts for future ages.

Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV., the cook, the "cordon bleu" received favorable notice; his name was written beside that of his patron; he was called in after dinner. It is mentioned in some of the English memoirs that this fashion was not unknown so lately as fifty years ago, in great houses in England, where the cook was called in to his white cap and apron, publicly thanked for his efforts and a glass of wine offered him by his master, all the company drinking his health.

This must have had an excellent effect on the art of gastronomy.

Mme. de Maintenon, whose gloomy sway over the old king rendered the gay court to the loneliness of an empty cathedral, threw a wet napkin in the science of good eating, and put out the kitchen fires for a season.

Queen Anne, however, was FOND OF GOOD CHEER, and consulted with her cook. Many cookery books have this qualification, "after Queen Anne's fashion."

Under the Regent Orleans, a princely prince, in spite of his faults, the art of good eating and entertaining was revived; and he has left a reputation for neatness and superlativedelicacy, metaphors of tempting quality and turkeys superbly stuffed.

The reign of Louis XV. was equally favorable to the art of entertaining. The eighteen years of peace had made France rich, a spirit of conviviality was diffused amongst all classes. And the proper setting of the table, the order, neatness and elegance as essentials of a well-ordered meal date from this reign. It is from this period that the history of the petit super de Choley begins. We need hardly go into that history of all that was reckless, witty, gay and dissolute in the art of entertaining, but, as one item, a flour was constructed so that

THE TABLE AND SIDEBOARD BANK into the lower story after each course to be immediately replaced by others which rose covered with a fresh course, we may imagine its luxury and detail.

The famous Louis XV. was proficient in the art of cookery; he also loved tapestry with his own hand. We should linger over his feasts with more pleasure had they not been to the French revolution as a horrible disaster. His carving knives became later on the guillotine.

Under Louis XIV. there was a constant improvement in all the occupations which are required in the preparation of food. The French, however, pasty cooks, confectioners, and the art of preserving food so that one could have the fruits of summer in the midst of winter, were started then; although the art of "canning" may safely be said to belong to our own time—much later on.

In the year 1740 a dinner was served in this order: Soup followed by the bouilli, AN ENTREE OF VEAL cooked in its own gravy as a side dish. Second course: A turkey, a dish of vegetables, a salad and sometimes a cream.

Dessert: Cheese, fruit and sweets. Plates are changed only three times. On the second course and at dessert. Coffee was rarely served, but cherry brandy or some liquor was passed.

The reign of Louis XVIII., who grew to be an immensely fat man, was a remarkable gastronomic. Let anyone read Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and an account of his reign, to get an idea of this magnificent entertainment. His most famous maître d'hôtel was the due d'Escars. When he and his royal master were closeted together to meditate a dish, the ministers of state were kept waiting in the ante-chamber, and the next day an official announcement was made: "Monsieur le Due d'Escars a travaillé dans le cabinet." His Majesty How strangely would it affect the American people if President Harrison

KEPT THEM WAITING FOR HIS SIGNATURE because he was discussing terrapin with Madeira sauce with his chef.

The King had invented the "truffles à la purée d'ortoux," and invariably prepared it himself, using the same Duc. On one occasion they jointly composed a dish of more than ordinary dimensions and duly consumed the whole of it. In the night the Duke was seized with fits of indigestion, and his case was declared hopeless. Loyal to the last, he ordered an attendant to wake and inform the King, who might be exposed to a similar attack. His Majesty was roused accordingly, and was told that d'Escars was dying of his indigestion.

"Dying!" exclaimed the King: "Well, I always said I had the best stomach of the two."

So much for the gratitude of kings. The Parisian restaurants, those world-renowned Edens of the gastronomes, were formed and founded on the theories of

THESE COOKERY-LOVING KINGS.

But political disturbances were to intervene in the year 1770, after the glorious day of Louis XIV. The wild dissipation of the Regency, after the long tranquility under the ministry of Fleury, travelers arriving in Paris found its resources very poor as to good cheer. But that soon mended itself.

It was not until about 1814, that the parent of Parisian restaurants, Beauvilliers, made himself a cosmopolitan reputation by feeding the allied armies. He learned to speak English, and in that way was most

popular. He had a prodigious memory, and would recognize and welcome men who had dined at his house twenty years before.

As this he was General of Grand and the Prince of Wales. It is a very popular faculty.

Beauvilliers, Meot, Robert, Rosa, Legouac, the Brothers Very, Hameuvan and Haldane, are the noble army of Argonauts in deserving the Parisian restaurant, OR RATHER THEY FOUNDED IT.

The Brothers Very and the Trois Freres Prevencieux, both in the Palais Royal, are still great names to compete with. When the allied monarchs entered Paris, in 1814, the two Brothers Very supplied their table for a daily charge of \$120, not including wine, and in Pere la Chaise a magnificent monument is erected to one of them, declaring that "his whole life was consecrated to the useful arts," as it doubtless was.

From that day until 1891, what an advance. There is now a restaurant in nearly every street in Paris where one can get a good dinner. What a crowd of them it is! The Champs Elysees and out in the Bois.

A Parisian dinner is thoroughly cosmopolitan and the best in the world when it is good. Parisian cookery has declined of late in the matter of meats. They are not as good as they were in those days.

BUT AS TO SAUCES, they are so many and so fine that they have given rise to many proverbs. "The sauce is the ambassador of a king." "With such a sauce a man could eat his grandfather."

But leaving France for other shores, for France has no monarch to entertain us now, let us see how two reigning monarchs entertain.

A presentation at the court of St. James is a picturesque affair and worth seeing, although it is a fatiguing process. A lady must be dressed at 11 o'clock in the morning in full court dress, which means a long neck and short sleeves, with a train four yards long and three wide. She must wear a white veil and three feathers in her hair, so that they can be seen in front.

White gloves are also required, and as they are seldom worn now, except at weddings, a lady has to remember to buy a pair. The carriages approach Buckingham palace in a long queue and the lady waits an hour or more in line, exposed to

THE JEERS OF THE POPULACE, who look in at carriage windows and make comments, laugh and amuse themselves. One hopes that this may do these regal ladies some good, as they look miserable enough.

Arriving in the noble quadrangle of Buckingham palace the music of the Guard's band greets one, and the silent, splendid figures of the Household troops, the handmaidens in the world, sit like statues on their horses. No matter if the rain is pouring, it is generally in, neither man or horse stir.

Once inside the palace the card of entrance is taken by one of the Queen's pages, some other official takes the cloak, and the lady wends her way up a magnificent stair, case into another gallery, out of which open many fine rooms. Gentlemen of the Household, in glittering uniforms and with orders, stand about in picturesque confusion. The last room is filled with chairs, and soon is filled with ladies and gentlemen waiting for

THE SUMMONS TO MOVE ON. The gentlemen are all in velvet suits of black, with knee breeches and a sword, silk stockings and low shoes.

A slight commotion at the little turnstile gate tells you to take your turn; you pass in with the others; your name is loudly called; you make three little courtesies to Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales; you see a little line of royals; you hear the words, "Your train, madame!" it is thrown over your arm by some cavalier behind and all is over, except that you are among your friends and see a glimpse of the room full of people and realize that nothing is so bad as you had feared. After about one hour you find your carriage and drive home, or to your minister's for a cup of tea.

Then you receive, if you are fortunate, great card from the lord chamberlain with the Queen's command that you should be invited to a ball at Buckingham palace.

THIS IS A SIGHT TO SEE. So splendid is the ball room, so grand the decorations, so comfortable the duchesses and their gentlemen. Royalty enters about 11 o'clock, followed by the ambassadors.

Of late years the Queen has relegated her place to the Princess of Wales, but during the jubilee year she kept it, and it was a beautiful sight to see the little woman all covered with jewels with her royal brood around her.

The royal family go in to supper through a lane of guests. The supper room is adorned with the gold plates bought by George V., and many very fine pieces of plate given by other monarchs. The eatables and drinkables are what they would be at any great ball.

The prettiest entertainment of the jubilee year, however, the Queen's garden party. No one had seen that lovely park behind Buckingham palace for eighteen years when it was last used for the garden party given to the Festival of Egypt.

Now it was filled with A MOST PICTURESQUE GROUP. The Indian princes with all their jewels, their turbans, their robes, their dark, handsome faces, stood at the foot of a grand staircase which runs from the palace to the green turf. Every other man was a king, a prince, a nobleman, a great soldier, a statesman, a diplomat, a somebody.

The women were all of course, beautifully dressed in the luxury of a summer costume, and the grounds, full of ancient trees, fountains, artificial lakes with swans, and numerous with refreshments were as pretty as only a royal English park can be.

Presently we heard the sound of bagpipes, and a procession headed by these dancing Scotchmen came into the park.

It was the Queen with all her children and grandchildren, ladies in waiting and many monarchs, amongst whom marched Queen Kapoiti of the Sandwich Islands. The Queen walked with a cane, the Prince of Wales by her side.

THEY ALL STOPPED REPEATEDLY and spoke to their guests on either side; then the younger members of the family led the way to the refreshment tents, where a truly royal buffet was spread.

There was much talk, much music, much laughter, and no stiffness. It was real hospitality. In one of the windows of the palace stood the Prince of Prussia, later on to be the noble Emperor Frederick, even then feeling the pressure of that malady which in another year was to kill him.

The Queen after this gave an evening party to all the royalties and the ambassadors and many invited guests.

The hospitality of the Queen is, of course, royal, but her dinner must of necessity be formal. General Grant described his disappointment that he did not sit next to her when she invited him to Windsor, but she had one of her children on either side, and

HE CAME NEXT TO PRINCESS BEATRICE. The entertainments at Marlboro house are much less formal. The Prince of Wales, the most genial and hospitable of creatures, always pen up his delightful cordiality behind the barriers of rank.

As for the King and Queen of Italy, they do not so much as to resign their cordiality. It is the most easy-going, democratic and agreeable court, in spite of its thousand years of grandeur.

The favored guest who is to be presented receives a card to the circle on a certain Monday evening. The card prescribes low-necked dress and any color but black. To drive to the Quirinal palace of a moonlight night in Rome is not an unpleasant journey. The grand staircase, all covered with scarlet carpet, was lined with gigantic cuirassiers in scarlet, who stood as motionless as statues.

We entered a grand hall frescoed by Domenichino. How small we felt under these gigantic figures. We passed on to ANOTHER SALON FRESCOED BY JULIO ROMANS.

so on to another, where a handsome cavalier, Prince Viceroy, received our cards, and, opening a door, presented us to Marchesa Villamarina, the Queen's dearest friend and favorite lady in waiting. We were arranged in rows around a long and handsome room. Presently a little movement at the door, and the deep courtesies of Princess Brancaccio and Princess Viceroy (both Americans) told us that the Queen had entered.

Truly a royal beauty! A wonder on a throne. An accomplished scholar, a thoughtful woman! Marguerite, of Savoy,

is the rose of the Nineteenth century. Her smile keeps Italy together.

She is the sweetest, the most beautiful of all the queens, and as she walks around, accompanied by her ladies, who introduce every one, she speaks to him or her in his or her own language; she is mistress of ten languages.

After she had said a few gracious words in words THE QUEEN DISAPPEARED, and the Villamarina asked us to take some refreshments, saying: "I hope we will see you on Thursday."

The next day came an invitation to the grand court ball.

This is a very fine sight. The King and Queen enter and take their places on a high estrade covered with a crimson velvet baldachin.

Then the ladies and gentlemen of the household and the ambassadors enter. The Count Giannotti, a very handsome Piedmontese, the favorite friend of the King, the perfect of the palace and master of ceremonies, declared the ball opened and the Queen danced with the Baron Kendall.

The royal quadrille over, dancing became general. The King stood about looking soldier-like, bored and bored. The Queen does all the social work, and she does it admirably.

What a company that was.

ALL THE ROMAN NOBILITY, diplomatic corps, the visitors to Rome, S.P.O.A. The Senate and the Roman people. After the dancing supper was announced.

Royalty does not sup in public in Rome as in England. It is curious, the difference in etiquette. The King and Queen retired.

We went in as we pleased at 10 o'clock, had seats and supper gloriously. The excellent Italian cookery, of which we have spoken previously, was served admirably. The housekeeping at the Quirinal is excellent; such trifles!

The Queen of Italy moves about amongst the ambassadors, and she is a stranger to her side, if she wishes to speak to one. A presentation to her is more personal and gracious than any at any other court.

The fact of being presented at court resolves itself into two advantages. One sees the paraphernalia of royalty, always amusing and interesting to American eyes. We see its poetry.

ITS ALMOST VANISHED MEANING, more than they do. Power, even when it descends for a day on fresh republican shoulders, is awe inspiring. The boy who is a leader at school is more important than the boy who is behind him. A captain of thousands" was the old Greek term for leadership, dignity and honor. Therefore, it is not absurd to desire to see those people on whom have fallen the crowns of power. It is snobbish to like the dust, but for some unworldly reason of a title, but when, as in the case of Marguerite of Savoy, there is a very good, a very gifted, a very wonderful woman behind it all, we are glad that she has been born to wear all these jewels.

We have in our minds one more picture, and a very picturesque one.

In September, 1888, the Duc d'Aosta, brother to King Humbert, married his niece, Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of the Princess Clotilde and Prince Jerome Bonaparte. This marriage occurred at Turin. A fine week of autumn weather was devoted to this ceremony.

It was a great gathering of all the family of Victor Emmanuel. The Pope had granted an especial dispensation to the nearly related couple. This degree of consanguinity so repellent to us is not considered, however, as prejudicial to marriage in Spain, Italy or Germany.

The King of Italy made this occasion of his brother's marriage an open door for the returning to the old Italian customs of past centuries in the art of entertaining.

The city of Turin was in a fever for the week. At booths in the open air were strolling companies playing opera, tragedy, burlesque and farce. The King's clerical streets were lined with gay decorations of pink and white silk, banners and escutcheons, music was heard every where, and at evening

BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS FOLLOWED THE RIVER. When the royal cortege appeared on their way to a public square they were preceded by 600 young cavaliers in the dress of Prince Eugene. Powdered hair, bright red and blue coats and breeches, and a royal carriage. First came the King and Queen, then the bride and groom.

They mounted a superb thing like a basket of flowers in the piazza Vittorio Emanuele, where all the royalties sat around the bride. Music and flags saluted them. The vast crowd sat and looked at them for two hours. A royal decorated balloon covered with roses floated over the Queen's head, and finally as the royal light faded away a gun from the fortress sounded the hour of departure. The glittering cavalcade drove back to the palace, and we foreigners knew that we had seen a real medieval Italian festa.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

A SUGGESTION. There may be persons in this community who are at times troubled with colic, or subject to attacks of bowel complaint. If so, they should try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It will afford almost immediate relief, and when reduced with water is pleasant to take. It is finished in the United States, and is a reliable remedy. A 25 or 30 cent bottle may be obtained from C. C. N. I. Drug Dept.

WHY WOMEN TALK. About Wisdom's Robertson is because it has attracted more attention and given better satisfaction than any toilet preparation known. It enjoys the distinction of being the first and best of its kind, third, producing an effect which has never been approached by any known preparation. All ladies remark on its delightful cooling and refreshing properties, its magical powers and true invisibility. The genuine is sold only by druggists.

Dyspepsia has driven to an early and severe surgical operation, if he had tried the virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, would be alive to-day and in the enjoyment of health and competence. Sufferer, be warned in time, and don't allow the system to run down.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE OF A CHILD. Mr. Robert C. Shields of Lake View, Tazewell county, was well liked and well known. A neighbor told us that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. His eight-year-old daughter's prayer, tells the result. "Lord bless Dr. Kennedy, who made the medicine, and the cured dear papa." Is there no reward in this case for you? for all!

REMARKABLE RESCUE. Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled in her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and no medicine could cure her. Her husband suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own house work and is as well as ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery sent by A. C. Smith & Co.'s Drug Store, large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

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WAR HEAD DRESSES are still made to a slight extent. Figured

INDUSTRIOUS REDS. buckskin shirts are more common. Of course, they are never washed. Moccasins, made in the old style with beaded fringe ornamentation, still alternate with boots and shoes of prosaic eastern fashion; papoose are still carried in elaborately decorated bags looking like magnified water pockets, and boys still play warrior with bow and arrow, though their fathers have long ago given up anything less destructive than rifles. Not overmuch clothing is worn in hot weather, however, and in winter a blanket, a white man's cast-off vest and trousers and a pair of trousers make a fair average outfit. Alas for their artistic and industrial achievement!

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE, or picture writing. This is much more elaborate and capable of greater variety of expression than might be supposed and almost ranks with the Egyptian hieroglyphs or Assyrian cuneiform characters. As good an example as can be found of this writing is the accepted form of representing a battle. This consists of a simple arrangement of horseshoe curves and straight lines. The horseshoe curves are arranged in two positions facing each other, the convex portion of the curves confronting those on the other side. These represent the meeting and onset of the horses. The straight marks, like short dashes, represent the flight either of arrows, or bullets through the air. These are as likely to be behind the horseshoe marks as before for purposes of convenience. This method of figuring forth a fight is not quite so elaborate as the pictured sieges and triumphs of Assyrian art at Nineveh, but it is readily intelligible. Other signs and conventional symbols are frequently employed in the expression of ideas. On the plain we see nothing of boating ideas. Along the great lakes the boat symbol occurs very frequently in rock pictures. If an Indian saw a freshly cut picture upon a rock on the water's edge representing a boat with seven upright marks sticking up from it he would understand that seven men had gone by in a boat. The addition of a cross would further characterize them as Christian Indians. If there were

RUDE REPRESENTATIONS of bows with arrows fitted to the strings he would infer a war party. The figures might be still further elaborated. A form like the letter X with the top filled in signified among the Algonquin tribes a man. With both top and bottom angles cross hatched it symbolized a woman.

THE four squares represent four of the six nations bound together by a tie, which the heart signifies to be one of blood brotherhood. Both ends are imperfect. It would be easy to tell whether it was worked before or after the absorption of the sixth tribe if one knew whether one or two squares were missing.

Circumstances have favored the plain Indians in retaining their characteristic industries. It is but a very short time since the white men came among them, there is no market for baskets, often no wood to

INDUSTRIOUS REDS

How Lo Makes Pots and Kettles, Shoes and Clothes.

PICTORIAL ART OF THE SAVAGES

Instead of Baskets, Like his Eastern Brother, the Western Brave Makes Medicine Robes and Shields.

DEANWOOD, Dakota, June 4, 1891.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—I wonder if the people of the east have any accurate idea of the democratic arts of the western Indians, the arts which they possess by their own initiative, apart from the teaching and influence of the whites. I remember very well in Canada and the Northeastern states, where Indians were pretty well domesticated on their little reservations, there were comparatively few things which they did besides an occasional day's work on a farm or in a sawmill, and the everlasting hunting, trapping and fishing. They made very gay baskets, colored with the juice of bark and berries, in fanciful designs. They tanned deer skins and made mittens and gloves of their fur. They made black and yellow moccasins, nearly always unadorned, and sleds and snowshoes and bows and arrows for the boys, and that was about all. I presume that by this time they have become even more like the whites in their forms of industry. Of course, the days of wampum are long passed. The piece of which I send you a sketch is probably 150 years old. It was made by an Indian of the Iagouais, or Six Nation tribe in New York state, and is OF SYMBOLIC MEANING.

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Circumstances have favored the plain Indians in retaining their characteristic industries. It is but a very short time since the white men came among them, there is no market for baskets, often no wood to



make them of, the Indians have been kept together in large bodies, have usually retained their old religion and superstitions, and with them nature in the costumes of the old days. The survival of the war shield is one curious illustration of this. Of course, all Indians know that a bullet will pierce a war shield if it hits it, but they rely on the

MAGIC INCANTATIONS with which the shield is made to turn the bullets aside. The shield is "medicine," and as such is still worn in many fights. To make the braves use the thick skin about the neck of the buffalo—agouti—beaver must perform a magic, since the buffalo is no more—and cut out a large round piece and remove the hair. Then a "sawset," or "sawset," is an ordinary "wickiup," a small, round, pointed tent, into which a quantity of hot stones have been carried. A number of braves enter, close the flap and sit about in a circle holding the half-tanned piece of leather by thrusting their fingers through slits in its edges. Water is then dashed upon the hot stones, and the resulting steam and smoke hardens the leather. While this is going on the Indians

SING A RUDE DIRGE, which has been used by many generations for the purpose of imparting to the shield the required magical qualities. When this is finished the shield is dried, trimmed, painted with blue, red and yellow earths, decorated with two streamers of feathers and is then ready for use. Some of these shields are of a full quarter of an inch thick and of almost incredible toughness. It is almost impossible to buy a real medicine shield. Objects called by that name are usually made of wood or of some other material and are usually only shields covered with decorated and not medicine at all. Skins of buffaloes or wolves, painted with rude representations of men, animals, lights and hunting scenes, are supposed to have a magical power. A young friend of mine has a very fine decorated wolf robe, which was borrowed one day by a medicine man. It turned out that he wanted it to make medicine to cure the squaw wife of a white trader. My friend was inclined to believe that the trader put quite as much faith in the treatment as did his wife. The Sioux of this region are quite backward in the more domestic and peaceful arts. They make no pottery, although the Mandans, an allied race, used to do something in that line. They buy the celebrated Navajo blankets from the trading Utes, from whom they also get

THEIR RELIGIOUS NOTIONS—the Messiah craze for instance. The Sioux are not directly acquainted with the Navajo. A neighbor told us that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. His eight-year-old daughter's prayer, tells the result. "Lord bless Dr. Kennedy, who made the medicine, and the cured dear papa." Is there no reward in this case for you? for all!

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THE four squares represent four of the six nations bound together by a tie, which the heart signifies to be one of blood brotherhood. Both ends are imperfect. It would be easy to tell whether it was worked before or after the absorption of the sixth tribe if one knew whether one or two squares were missing.

Circumstances have favored the plain Indians in retaining their characteristic industries. It is but a very short time since the white men came among them, there is no market for baskets, often no wood to

make them of, the Indians have been kept together in large bodies, have usually retained their old religion and superstitions, and with them nature in the costumes of the old days. The survival of the war shield is one curious illustration of this. Of course, all Indians know that a bullet will pierce a war shield if it hits it, but they rely on the

MAGIC INCANTATIONS with which the shield is made to turn the bullets aside. The shield is "medicine," and as such is still worn in many fights. To make the braves use the thick skin about the neck of the buffalo—agouti—beaver must perform a magic, since the buffalo is no more—and cut out a large round piece and remove the hair. Then a "sawset," or "sawset," is an ordinary "wickiup," a small, round, pointed tent, into which a quantity of hot stones have been carried. A number of braves enter, close the flap and sit about in a circle holding the half-tanned piece of leather by thrusting their fingers through slits in its edges. Water is then dashed upon the hot stones, and the resulting steam and smoke hardens the leather. While this is going on the Indians

SING A RUDE DIRGE, which has been used by many generations for the purpose of imparting to the shield the required magical qualities. When this is finished the shield is dried, trimmed, painted with blue, red and yellow earths, decorated with two streamers of feathers and is then ready for use. Some of these shields are of a full quarter of an inch thick and of almost incredible toughness. It is almost impossible to buy a real medicine shield. Objects called by that name are usually made of wood or of some other material and are usually only shields covered with decorated and not medicine at all. Skins of buffaloes or wolves, painted with rude representations of men, animals, lights and hunting scenes, are supposed to have a magical power. A young friend of mine has a very fine decorated wolf robe, which was borrowed one day by a medicine man. It turned out that he wanted it to make medicine to cure the squaw wife of a white trader. My friend was inclined to believe that the trader put quite as much faith in the treatment as did his wife. The Sioux of this region are quite backward in the more domestic and peaceful arts. They make no pottery, although the Mandans, an allied race, used to do something in that line. They buy the celebrated Navajo blankets from the trading Utes, from whom they also get

THEIR RELIGIOUS NOTIONS—the Messiah craze for instance. The Sioux are not directly acquainted with the Navajo. A neighbor told us that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. His eight-year-old daughter's prayer, tells the result. "Lord bless Dr. Kennedy, who made the